

Some men are unable to save money because they haven't any to practice on.

A New York woman caught a burglar and hugged him until he surrendered. What a chump he was to surrender!

Berlin is to have a world's fair in 1913. We get notice in plenty of time so that we can begin saving our money.

How many of us, if our income amounted to 68 cents a second, like Rockefeller's, would ever forget to wind the clock?

Mr. Carnegie wants to know why millionaires don't laugh. Probably it is because they can't see where there is any money in it.

There is some satisfaction to the country in having a man like Mr. Carnegie who can tell Wall Street what he thinks of it without swearing.

To the question where the milk came from in the milky way, it might be observed that it probably came from the cow that jumped over the moon.

It is said that the new portrait of the President is not like him. Nothing but a moving picture of the President will look natural to most people.

Hereafter when some long-winded member of the Douma gets the floor his colleagues will no doubt cast anxious glances at the ceiling from time to time.

Montreal's birth rate is higher than that of any other American city. If the President finds it out he is likely to become an advocate of Canadian annexation.

Scientists claim that when the temperature is down to zero there is still considerable heat present. But, of course, there is no law compelling you to believe it.

A Baltimore physician says people may live to be 100 years old by doing away with hats. But so many people, including Baltimore physicians, find hats convenient to talk through.

"When you feel a brainstorm coming on," advises an exchange, "slip the cartridges out of your gun." That advice is all right for the man who cannot confine himself to shooting off his mouth.

In a Vandergrift (Pa.) skating rink a 200-pound woman fell on a man and trampled him to death. Even a man who is so foolish as to spend his time at a skating rink ought to know enough to steer clear of a 200-pound woman.

In America the button and in Scotland the "sawbee" have long furnished to parasitism hypocrites a means of defrauding the contribution plate. Now a rival has risen in Edinburgh, in the form of imitation coins made from pasteboard, and silvered or gilded.

They were put out as souvenirs in packages of candy—toy money for the children to play store with. Two or more clergymen have written to the newspapers to complain that the practice of false giving by means of the toy coins is becoming common. In this country it is a legal offense to manufacture imitations of coins.

The spreading of disease by insects is now proving to be much more common than was believed to be the case but a year or two ago or even a few months ago. The greatest attention has hitherto been given to those diseases where the insect acts the part of a secondary host in which the parasite undergoes some kind of change not possible in man—malaria, yellow fever, filaria, Texas fever, etc. It is interesting to find increasing attention being given to the possibility of the mechanical transmission of infective organisms from man to man by means of the common insects, flies, bedbugs, roaches and fleas. There is no reasonable doubt that in recent wars flies were responsible for the transfer of typhoid bacilli to foods which were not screened.

There is a "tainted money" of the church and it is the kind that is wheedled out of people through their appetites and their vanities. Men are the worst offenders in this respect. Women will make the little sacrifices that are really great. It was a woman, he it remembered, who gave the symbolical mite. But a man who has to have his stomach and his purse appealed to by the thoughts of a "chicken pie dinner in the parlor of the church" at a bargain, who has to be cajoled into laying his offering on the altar by a pretty girl whose finishing coquetry is a stage soubrette's apron, has little religion in his soul. It is the women of a church who devise wondrous schemes for making money in which they do many things which are personally repugnant to their gentle and refined nature. And these schemes are all to "work" men when he will not do his straightforward duty in the matter of religious contributions.

In few respects do Americans seem more extravagant than the average European in the large use of ice for cooling purposes in summer, and in the elaborate measures to warm their houses in winter. The Englishman complains that the buildings in this country are overheated. An American passing a winter in England finds the houses, both in city and in country, uncomfortably cold. Habits of long growth, founded on economic conditions here and here, account for this difference of view. Many of the natives of Uruguay, in South America, suffer untold discomfort from living up to their belief that the artificial heating of houses is injurious to health. In

damp, chilly weather they get along without the relief that a little fire might give. Among the desperately poor in the Northern States of this country cases have been known where a family would remain in bed during an extraordinary cold day, if they had no fuel, or wished to economize the little they had. Good food helps man as well as domestic animals to resist the cold. Substantial clothing and well-built houses, carefully protected against the high winds, greatly lessen one's dependence on fuel. Brick bodily activity also contributes to the same end. Ventilation often becomes a serious matter. Although cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily foul, it is in the main true that fresh, outside air is cold. Its introduction under any plan that can be devised lowers the temperature, and to raise it again involves the use of more fuel. Ventilation is a luxury, but it is one that adds so mightily to bodily health and mental vigor as to be well worth its cost.

We have assigned different offices to the two hands—greeting, hand-shaking, writing, drawing, painting, etc., to the right; eating, horse-curling, card-playing, gun-holding and certain strictly "sporting" uses to the left—while only piano-playing has offered equal exercise for both hands. The necessity for a new order of things has been emphasized chiefly in the development of art instruction in the schools. In writing, drawing, painting and modeling in the German schools the pupils are said to employ the right and left hand alternately. The training is believed to be a great boon to all, especially to the left-handed child, who is no longer to be regarded as an abnormal being, forced to do everything clumsily with the left hand. Even with right-handed children the movement is toward well-rounded, symmetrical development and in the direction of increased control and usefulness of the body. It is a fact that every part of the body which is not exercised for many generations becomes, through disuse, first inactive, then useless and finally superfluous. It atrophies and decays. In time, if we persist in the general disuse of the left hand, we must become a one-armed race, at least scientists say so. Though we have all the necessary muscles for moving the ears no one who has not acquired this charming faculty in early childhood is able to wiggle them. In the same manner we have become so accustomed to using the right hand and neglecting the left that, unless modern pedagogy interferes, humanity is in danger of losing its left hand. People who have made a close study into this curious subject declare that the atrophy of the left arm has already made itself clearly manifest in infants. Right-handedness or left-handedness can be detected immediately after birth, proving the tendency to be the result of physiological conditions and hereditary. Ambidexterity is, of course, the ideal attainment, for many more reasons than one. The keenest mental activity is as necessary to the skillful use of both hands as the most exact knowledge of the smallest details of writing, or drawing, and the moral of the whole matter is that in everything that one does, whether with the right or left hand, mental exercise, the observing eye and the tenacious purposes are ever the most important things.

Imperial Rome, the city of the Caesars, as it appeared at the height of its magnificence, has been restored—on paper—through the ingenuity of G. Gattnecht, a German artist, who has based his plausible reconstructions upon the results of Signor Boni's excavations in the neighborhood of the Forum. In these pictures of Herr Gattnecht a satisfying vision of ancient Rome may be obtained.

It is the topography of the great capital, however, that is presented, being an architect's rendering from plans, fragments and measurements. The life of the Imperial City is, of course, lacking. Yet, while the restored Stadium of the Palatine pictures that great track as deserted, it is conceivable that such a place was, even in the palmiest days of Rome, solitary, peaceful and devoid of life.

In the reconstructed Forum and on Palatine Hill evidence of living Rome is marked. Artificially, perhaps, but still in keeping with the accepted idea of Roman life. In the picture showing the Forum in its heyday, the great building in the background is the Basilica Aemilia, and to the right of it is the Temple of the Deified Julius, which was built by Augustus. Below it is the Rostrum Julian, on which were placed the beaks of the ships taken at Actium. On the left is the Rostrum proper, where orators addressed the Curia.

A City Not Finished. As the artist includes the column of Phocas, which is the first one toward the spectator, the view of the Forum must represent it at a comparatively late day. At that time—A. D. 608—the glory of Imperial Rome really had departed. The city had been sacked 62 years before, but the barbarians had carried away only portable loot. The ruin of the magnificent buildings, some of which have been found under 30 feet of rubbish and earth, occurred later.

Not only is it a truism to say that "Rome was not built in a day," but it might be added that it is a city which never was finished. Recent excavations by Signor Boni have carried the archaeologist's spade and pick deeper than ever they were employed before, and as a result it has been brought to light that before the time of Romulus, its reputed founder, the city was old. In fact, there have been uncovered traces of Celtic occupancy, probably while that people were in transit to their final home in the west of Europe.

Rome's architectural glories, however, were at their height in the time of the empire, when the world, as the countries bordering on the Mediterranean collectively were known in Europe, was ruled from "the seven hills" on the Tiber. Even in the days of its triumphs the real city was confined to the valleys between these hills. The streets and alleys were narrow; those which led over the hills appear to have been intended only for foot passengers, and to have consisted of immense flights of stairs. The one street, which wound an irregular course between the Palatine and the Capitoline, which excavations have uncovered, was so nearly like a modern thoroughfare that it became known as Via Triumphalis and Via Sacra. It was fairly broad, comparatively straight, and was a common avenue for men, horses and vehicles. The gorgeous processions, the triumphal entries of the Caesars, had this street for their scene. At the Colosseum, Via Appia led out from the city, a road still familiar to the tourist as the Appian way.

Majesty of the Forum. Each emperor strove to leave a lasting memorial of his reign by erecting a building, a column or an arch. At times the ambitious ruler did not care to import costly marbles for masterpieces, and proceeded to tear down another structure for its material.

Excepting for certain costly palaces which were reared on the Palatine and Capitoline, much of this memorial building was carried on in the Forum, which, indeed, is the center of interest in ancient Rome. The Forum was an open space, about 600 feet by 1,200 feet long. During the early republic, and even in the times of the emperors, it was appropriated to the civic business of the Roman people. It was early decorated with statues of illustrious citizens, some of wood and some of stone. The Comitium, shown to the left of the Basilica and in front of the Curia, in the restoration, was an arch, raised and by degrees raised a mound over the relics of the past. Before this time, however, Rome had, owing to various

reasons, become depopulated, and during the seventy years the Popes resided in Avignon interest in the city almost ceased.

Work of Excavation. For two centuries the Forum and many of the ruined buildings were covered and forgotten. In 1513, under Pope Leo X., Michael Angelo began the first modern excavations upon the site of the ancient structures. For the next three centuries excavations were carried on in a dilatory manner, but in 1870 the first genuine attempt to uncover the past was begun, under the direction of Signor Rosa. Since 1908, when Signor Boni was placed in charge, the most important results have been achieved. While the work is still incomplete, the addition to the knowledge of Rome's topography in the distant past has been of the most important and far-reaching character.

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"The dog not only barked lustily," said Mitchell, "but he came from his box to my door and would give me no peace until I got up and opened the

door. Then he ran direct to the cell where Smith was at work, looking back from time to time as if asking me to follow. I went with him and found Smith with the saw in his hand, industriously sawing through the bar."

Mike had a sense of hearing that is phenomenal, even for a dog. He will catch the slightest of sounds anywhere about the jail. No matter how much noise there may be in the courthouse above, he pays no attention to it, but the minute there is anything unusual in the jail or when any one touches the plank walk leading to the jail, he is awake and on the alert.

Mike appears to know that the jail is a place of confinement. When the "trusties" are outside the building he is with them and watching them. When they go down town on an errand he accompanies them. But when a "trusty" packs his grip, preparatory to leaving the place for good, Mike seems to know that the man has served his time and pays no attention to him.

The New Field Piece. The extreme effective range of the new field piece with which the American army is being equipped is about four and a half miles, in which we have a trifling advantage over the Japanese, and target practice has shown that the degree of accuracy obtainable is nothing less than marvelous. In the initial trials forty-five shots were fired at targets set at 1,000 and 2,500 yards, the first fifteen at the shorter distance, the second fifteen at the longer, and back to the shorter range for the last fifteen. The average time of the shots was four seconds apart, and the percentage of hits was 70-odd. Experience has proved that the American artilleryman does as well in action as in target practice; some experts say the Japanese does better; but be that as it may, we are able to hold our own against the Arisaka gun.—Everybody's Magazine



The Palatine Hill restored

Imperial Rome Restored from Ruins

City of the Caesars as an architect conceives it to have been—Based on a study of the uncovered remains



The Forum as it was in the most glorious period of the Empire

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THE STADIUM OF THE PALATINE AS IT WAS.

as the state religion naturally caused the pagan temples to fall into disuse. From this time the ruin of the ancient city may be dated. It is true that upon the authority of Procopius we are told that in the sixth century many of the monuments were uninjured. In the year 608 the erection of the column of Phocas, which probably was composed of a fragment from some other structure, proves that some of the old taste for building still survived. So late as the ninth century it is known the Forum—that is, the Forum of the Caesars—was still uninjured, yet in the seventeenth century, this famous space, the scene of much of early Rome's moving history, was buried under thirty feet of rubbish, and its lines were irregularly indicated by rows of elm trees.

During the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the structures surrounding the Forum were destroyed, not by barbarians, not wantonly or maliciously, but through cupidity. Instead of bringing in new stone for building operations, basaltic were torn down for the available marble they assayed. The Forum was turned into a quarry. Worse than that, it became the site for limekilns, and masterpieces of marble were thrown into kilns to become commercial lime. There were artists in those times, and they remonstrated with the authorities against the destruction. Among those who made vain appeals to save the beautiful structures of the past were the poet Petrarch and the painter Raphael.

But the destruction continued. Some of the old marble is to be seen to-day in Roman buildings, but the masterpieces are no more. With the Forum turned into a quarry to feed builders and the burners of lime, the place fell into disrepair. In the course of a century it became a mere rubbish heap, and by degrees raised a mound over the relics of the past. Before this time, however, Rome had, owing to various

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SUFFERED FOR IRELAND.

Death in Dublin of John O'Leary, Noted Fenian Leader.

The sole remaining link between the Ireland of to-day and the Ireland of O'Connell and the "Young Irelanders" passed away recently in the death at Dublin of John O'Leary, the noted Fenian. In the struggle for Irish freedom he had been a conspicuous figure for more than 60 years, being prominently identified with the Young Ireland movement of the 40's and subsequently being the associate of Thomas

Clarke Luby and Charles Kickham as editors of the Irish People, the Fenian organ of the '60's. This paper, which boldly advocated physical force as the only effective method of righting Ireland's wrongs, then more numerous than now, was suppressed in 1865 by the government. O'Leary was arrested, tried and convicted and was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude. Five of these years he spent in jail. In 1870 he was released, but for 15 years was obliged to live in France, being denied admittance to his own land. After 20 years of exile he returned to the country of his birth and devotion and spent the balance of his days in Dublin, surrounded by a company of young nationalist litterateurs, some of whom have won distinction in the republic of letters.

O'Leary was born in Tipperary in 1830 and received his education in Cork, Dublin and Paris. As a boy he joined the Young Ireland movement and had to flee the country because of a futile attempt to rescue two of the revolutionists of '48, who were executed at Clonmel. In Paris, where he settled for a time, he studied medicine and with his diploma returned to Dublin to practice his profession. He was then drawn into the Fenian movement, with its sequel to him of prison stripes and suffering.

O'Leary was a deep student of history and literature and was an able and forceful writer. All through his life the call of Kathleen ni Houllihan was ever in his ears and he died as he lived a devoted lover of his country. While the movement with which he was so intimately connected in the '60's failed in its specific purpose, it awakened English statesmen to a realizing sense that there were radical wrongs in Ireland which should be corrected and we have the authority of Gladstone for it that the Fenian movement led to the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland and to a more critical study of the many sided Irish question.

To-day the present Liberal administration stands committed to a home rule policy for Ireland, with an English king sanctioning the settlement of the questions which have so long kept Ireland and England at sword's point, and no fair student of Anglo-Irish history can deny that this situation is in large measure due to men of

the O'Leary stamp, who compelled a study of Ireland's wrongs and forced a consideration of her case at the bar of English public opinion.

Marie, the "Fairy Princess." The Crown Princess of Roumania is King Edward's niece, Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. In the very great popularity of this lovely princess, Iles France Ferdinand's principal chance of overcoming opposition in Roumania and succeeding to the throne. There is no more beautiful woman among continental royalties, and the Roumanians simply idolize her. When she visited London for the coronation her regal loveliness dazzled society and created a widespread sensation. At Lady Lansdowne's great coronation party she was called the "Fairy Princess" of the evening. She is talented, too—paints prettily, plays the violin, has a genius for designing and embroidering, and is a vivacious conversationalist. She is very fond of turquoises, of which she has a fine collection. Another of her hobbies is collecting scent bottles and vinaigrettes. Always of a lively disposition, her pranks as a child were the subjects of many stories. When she was on her father's flagship at Malta her great delight was to "help" the ship's cook. Her specialty was the frying of ham and eggs, and on one occasion she fried fifty eggs, and pieces of ham to correspond.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Parsee and philanthropy are almost convertible terms, in Bombay at least. The late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Pettit, who received the second and last baronetcy conferred on any native of India, was the greatest benefactor of his race and city in his generation, and his only surviving son, Mr. Bomanjee Dinshaw Pettit, has carried on the family tradition with great credit. The surname of Pettit is derived from the French. Over a century ago Mr. Bomanjee's ancestor was agent to a French firm, and being of short stature received the nickname of "le petit," which has been handed down ever since as the surname of this family. Mr. Bomanjee was born in 1850 and educated at St. Xavier's College. He entered his father's firm in 1878 and has been prominently connected with the commercial life of Bombay ever since. He is not merely the principal millowner in western India, but a leading authority on finance and banking. In 1899 the government appointed him member of the Bombay Legislative Council, and he has acted over ten years as a director of the Bank of Bombay.

Sometimes a man wants a thing so much he forgets the owner doesn't want to give it up.

Father usually imagines he is the only really effective chaperon.

My eyes and nose are filled with dust, My face begrimed with smut; My fingers are all badly smashed, My mouth is full of soot.

My back is both stuck full of tacks, My temper, too, is ruffled up— I'm cleaning house again.

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GREAT PARSEE PHILANTHROPIST

Parsee and philanthropy are almost convertible terms, in Bombay at least. The late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Pettit, who received the second and last baronetcy conferred on any native of India, was the greatest benefactor of his race and city in his generation, and his only surviving son, Mr. Bomanjee Dinshaw Pettit, has carried on the family tradition with great credit. The surname of Pettit is derived from the French. Over a century ago Mr. Bomanjee's ancestor was agent to a French firm, and being of short stature received the nickname of "le petit," which has been handed down ever since as the surname of this family. Mr. Bomanjee was born in 1850 and educated at St. Xavier's College. He entered his father's firm in 1878 and has been prominently connected with the commercial life of Bombay ever since. He is not merely the principal millowner in western India, but a leading authority on finance and banking. In 1899 the government appointed him member of the Bombay Legislative Council, and he has acted over ten years as a director of the Bank of Bombay.

Sometimes a man wants a thing so much he forgets the owner doesn't want to give it up.

Father usually imagines he is the only really effective chaperon.

My eyes and nose are filled with dust, My face begrimed with smut; My fingers are all badly smashed, My mouth is full of soot.

My back is both stuck full of tacks, My temper, too, is ruffled up— I'm cleaning house again.

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